



A Nation Divided



👁 56 ✓ 6 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Ryan DeAngelis

I always wondered what the Western States had. Of course, if what the teachers here say about them is in any way true, then I wouldn't want to go there. But, I feel as if life there must be different somehow than the way it's described. It has to be.

Anyway, it's not like it matters all too much. I'm not going to get across that border despite being only a few miles from it, what with the raging war and all. No one dares to cross into that area, lest they end up having their blood splattered and their life gone.

Sometimes I wonder how it all started, how the nights became lit with gunfire and artillery shells exploding. It's not like I'm going to remember anytime soon. Hell, how can I remember, I'm only a fifteen year old girl. All my life, it's been a constant fight between the United Worker's Union, my motherland, and the Western States. It's impossible to miss. Everywhere the war is discussed and broadcast, along with the evils of the fascist Westerners.

This is why I wonder why. Are these people actually bad? Or am I in the wrong? It frustrates me that I can't see or know the country that I live very near to. I don't think I could ever even meet a person from there. Or at least, that's what I thought until yesterday. Until I met /him /

Chapter 2 by Amelia Rose

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I was sitting, reading in the
that there was something

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le me, I knew in an instant
felt of smoke. I did not

mention this, just pretended to be immersed in my book. He was distracting. There was something bugging me.

Chapter 3 by Amelia Rose



Something about him was different. Almost, wrong.

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